

Father Of All, By Whom We Are  
by Charles Wesley

1 FATHER of all, by whom we are,  
For whom was made whatever is;  
Who hast entrusted to our care  
A candidate for glorious bliss:

2 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,  
For grace to guide what grace has given;  
We ask for wisdom from on high,  
To train our infant up for heaven.

3 We tremble at the danger near,  
And crowds of wretched parents see,  
Who, blindly fond, their children rear  
In tempers far as hell from thee:

4 Themselves the slaves of sense and praise,  
Their babes who pamper and admire,  
And make the helpless infants pass  
To murderer-Moloch through the fire.

5 Rather this hour resume his breath,  
From selfishness and pride to save;  
By death prevent the second death,  
And hide him in the silent grave!

6 Or, if thou grant a longer date,  
With resolute wisdom us endue,  
To point him out his lost estate,  
His dire apostasy to show:

7 To time our every smile or frown,  
To mark the bounds of good and ill;  
And beat the pride of nature down,  
And subjugate his rising will.

8 Him let us tend, severely kind,  
As guardians of his giddy youth;  
As set to form his tender mind,  
By principles of virtuous truth:

9 To fit his soul for heavenly grace,  
Discharge the Christian parents' part,  
And keep him, till thy love takes place,  
And Jesus rises in his heart.